

S O N G S, &c.

I N

THE MUSICAL COMEDY

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T H E B A R O N.

PRICE, SIX-PENCE.

THE BARON

IN

THE MUSICAL COMEDY

THE BARON

ACTS SIX

SONGS, DUETS, CHORUSSES, &c.

643.0/1.
19

IN THE

MUSICAL COMEDY

OF

THE BARON. *Linkverwank*
K *167-*

As performed at the

THEATRE - ROYAL

IN THE

HAY - MARKET.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

M.DCC.LXXXI.

SCOTT'S BIBLE CHORUS, &c.

IN THE

ADVENT

MUSICAL COMMENTARY

THE BARON

THE ADVENT OF THE LORD

IN THE

WINTER

Printed by J. C. Smith, in the Strand.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Novel from whence this Comedy is taken, has been so generally read and admired, that any Mention of it now would be unnecessary, were it not that the Author is extremely desirous no one but himself should suffer for his own Demerits; if, therefore, in the Prosecution of the Plan any Deviation from the Original; for the Sake of Stage Effect, should unfortunately draw on him the public Disapprobation, the Author begs he may be solely accountable for his Errors, and that the fair and noble Writer of the Novel may not be thought answerable for the Defects of the Comedy.

As most of the Songs have been written to suit old and peculiar Music, it is presumed the discerning Reader will make all necessary Allowances for the Irregularity of the Measure.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Baron,	-	-	Mr. DIGGES.
Hogrestan,	-	-	Mr. PALMER.
Pangloss, the Curate,	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Mynheer Van Boterham,	-	-	Mr. WILSON.
German Doctor,	-	-	Mr. BADDELEY.
Franzel,	-	-	Mr. WOOD.
Rubrick,	-	-	Mr. R. PALMER.
Dagran,	-	-	Mr. WEWITZER.
Serjeant,	-	-	Mr. STANTON.

W O M E N.

Mefrow Van Boterham,	-	-	Mrs. WEBB.
Grootrump,	-	-	Mrs. EDWIN.
Cecil,	-	-	Miss HARPER.

Recruits, Mob, &c.

SCENE, *Gottingen, and the Baron's Castle.*

S O N G S, &c. &c.

I N

T H E B A R O N.

A C T I.

Chorus of a Recruiting Party.

LET'S be jolly,

'Tis a folly

Ever to be melancholy:

Hither, my heroes, come, come, come,

Move to the sound of the drum, drum, drum,

SOLO—by SERJEANT.

If by niggard Fortune bounded,

If by scolding wives confounded,

Or by squalling brats furrounded,

To the drum, to the drum,

Quickly come, quickly come.

If

If that one love can't content ye,
And you wish for wives in plenty,
Follow me, I'll find you twenty.

To the drum, to the drum
Quickly come, quickly come.

II.—SONG—by FRANZEL.

Give me the melting eye that speaks
The softness of the heart ;
The youthful glow, the blushing cheeks,
The bloom that baffles art :
The mind by time not render'd hard,
Ere fashion's stains appear,
That with the smile of fond regard
Can blend the feeling tear.

III.—SONG.

III.—SONG—by PANGLOSS.

In days of yore, as I've been told,
 With a humdrum woundy length of line-o,
 There lived a Baron bluff and bold,
 With a strum-strum, very little coin-o;
 Means, I grant ye,
 Rather scanty,
 But great store of line-o:
 Strim-stram, pamma diddle, lara bona, ring tang,
 ring tang, very little coin-o.

II.

A chaplain too he had, d' ye fee?
 With a stomach always glad to dine-o,
 And a merry wag, they say, was he,
 With a likewise very little coin-o;
 Always willing,
 Fond of filling,
 With good store of wine-o:
 Strim-stram, pamma diddle, lara bona, ring tang,
 ring tang, very little coin-o.

The Baron was great,
 And fond of state,
 None could his equal be;
 He led his folks about,
 Both within and without,
 And together they made up three.

B

The

The chaplain was ever most wonderful clever,
 Many rare jokes he made;
 He often wish'd to speak,
 Tho' not suffer'd once a week,
 So he sung what could not be said.

The Baron, it seems, was sometimes pleas'd
 With his pictures all so old and fine-o;
 The chaplain I hear was sometimes teaz'd,
 But never was allow'd to repine-o.
 Constant duty,
 Little booty,
 Were his lot but mine-o!

Strim-stram, pamma diddle, lara bona, ring tang,
 ring tang, oh it is divine-o.

IV.—SONG—by CECIL,

And do you think he tells me true?
 And are you sure 'tis so?
 For if that's all he means to do,
 Why don't he let me go?
 Whene'er his footsteps I descry,
 Whence comes that throbbing pain?
 Whene'er he strives to catch my eye,
 What makes me look again?
 But there's no saying what it is,
 There's no one can guess,
 Why that which causes most our bliss,
 Is what we least confess.

V.—DIALOGUE DUET.

PANGLOSS and BARON.

PANGLOSS.

I well recollect the fact;
The waistcoat tore, the flap devour'd,
We caught them just in the fact,
Your Cous: deflow'r'd!

BARON.

I tell you, you lie!

PANGLOSS.

'Tis true, tho' I die.

BARON.

Then which now must yield the point,
Say, you or I?

PANGLOSS.

I well recollect the fact, &c.

BARON.

How dare you presume to say
That vermin look for such a treat!

PANGLOSS.

Alas, sir, 'twas maigre day—
They'd nought else to eat.

B 2

B A-

BARON.

I'll have your hide so dress'd!

PANGLOSS.

It is all for the best!

BARON.

You're a fool, and an ass, and a knave!

PANGLOSS.

I'm a tool, and a dog, and a slave.

BARON.

How dare you presume to say, &c. &c.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

VI.—SONG—by BOTERHAM.

OH what a life seraphic!
Each day engag'd in traffic,
Seizing what we can for money lent!
Bargains making,
Bargains breaking,
And then strike a balance at cent. per cent.!

II.

Now when the statesman fwaggers,
While Kings are drawing daggers,
Either side to serve we're nothing loth;
England cheating,
France entreating,
Pocket then the stuff, sir, and laugh at both.

III.

When dead, and past all strictures,
Who cares a rush for pictures?
Let me have a purse, not Name that's long:
Where's the wonder?
Smoke and Donder,
Kinkervankotsdorsprakin come along.

VII.—SONG

VII.—SONG—by MEFROW BOTERHAM.

My friend of St. Francis, if me you'll forgive,
I'll tell you how people in Holland all live:
We eat when we're hungry, and drink when
we're dry;
And that's a good thing, my fat Fryar, says I.

II.

If we've friends, we are happy; content if we've
none;
Glad while they are with us, and glad when
they're gone;
Rejoic'd while they're living, not vex'd when
they die;
And that's a good thing, my fat Fryar, says I.

III.

When married, we're frugal, and cautiously steer,
For husband and wife are inclin'd to be near:
To make both ends meet, we assiduously try;
And that's a good thing, my fat Fryar, says I.

VIII.—FRAN-

VIII.—FRANZEL.

Stop for a moment, charmer;
Listen, and do not fear me;
No rude sigh shall alarm her,
Whose smiles alone can cheer me:
But should you frown, my fair,
I will fly to despair!

Turn not away, my dearest!
Must he in vain implore thee,
Whose heart is the sincerest
That ever dar'd adore thee?
But if you frown, my fair,
Life is not worth my care.

IX.—CECIL.

A thousand reasons all conspire
To drive and hurry me away;
Let go my hand, I must retire,
I cannot, dare not stay.

Ah! should my father enter now,
On your account he'll force the sigh;
Indeed I feel, I can't tell how,
And fear, I can't tell why.

A thousand reasons all conspire, &c.

X.—SONG—BOTERHAM.

Some men, women, some men wine,
Some men wit bewilders;
Nothing can make me repine,
So I've store of guilders.
Silvertie guildertie, money galore, ducats, doub-
loons and guilders.

II.

Some love brandy, some love rum,
Some Batavi' arrack, O
Let me have, where'er I come,
Pipes and good tobacco.
Smokertie, jokertie, all in a cloud, liquor and
good tobacco.

III.

Some folks slight us, some folks scold,
What care I for such men?
Whether we are bought or sold,
'Tis all alike to Dutchmen.
Pocketie, knocketie, all the same thing, no-
thing's amiss to Dutchmen.

Chorus repeated.

A C T III.

XI.—SONG—by BARON.

SHALL lineage, older than the Flood,
 On dunghill Dutchman fix?
 Shall high descent and German blood
 With gin and butter mix?
 Shall *Holstenhausen*, honour'd name,
 Shall *Womberg*, *Schomberg*, lose their fame,
 In Vanders and Mynheers?

Renown

Let down,

What matters whence my birth I draw,
 What boots it that the great Nassau
 Is link'd among my peers?
 When Nature's systems alter'd are,
 When Princes herd with swine,
 The Hogens Mogens then may dare
 To blend their arms with mine.

C

XII.—SONG

XII.—SONG—by CECIL.

Come fierce invader, parent of anguish,
 Let not thy victim unheeded languish;
 Banish despair, Health's roses consuming,
 And in my bosom plant Hope, ever blooming;
 Bid Expectation chase all past sorrow,
 Sooth the sad present, and whisper to-morrow.

XIII.—SONG—by PANGLOSS.

When I think
 What meat and drink
 Store of labour and little chink,
 Combing wigs,
 Killing pigs,
 Fretting here,
 Sweating there,
 Up in the garret, without any bed,
 Down in the kitchen without any bread,
 Happy to be
 From bondage free,
 I whip out my bottle and merrily quaff;
 Roar and quaff,
 And titter and laugh.

But when sorrow
 Bids good morrow,
 Nought to lend, and nothing to borrow,
 Out of heart, and out of place,
 All my chattels before my face;
 When my bundle
 Thus I trundle,
 No shelter nigh,
 But clouds and sky,
 I pocket my bottle and sadly sigh,
 Sob and sigh,
 And snivel and cry.

Then again, when aching bones
 Put me in mind of former groans;
 When I think of the blows I have borne so oft,
 Kick'd into the cellar, quite down from the loft,
 The loss of my place
 Is no such disgrace;
 So I'll strive to sleep,
 And my cares beguile;
 For my poverty weep,
 For my consequence smile;
 Work no more,
 But sleep and snore,
 'Till tickled with fancy, up I prance,
 I kick my heels, and take a dance;
 One, two, three,
 Tol lol der lol de;

Quaff and dance,
Roar and prance,
Not sob and figh,
Or snivel and cry,
But quaff and laugh, and dance and prance,
Te de ti te too, dere fal der al la.

V A U D E R V I L L E.

P A N G L O S S.

Then hey for a wedding, my lads and my lasses,
Be merry and cheary, and make a great rout;
Shake hands with old Time as he jollily passes,
And thump it, and bump it, and jump it about;
No pride shall perplex us, no care shall annoy,
In spite of the Baron contented we'll be,
And ev'ry condition shall freely enjoy
The comforts that spring from the family tree.

Chorus repeated.

F R A N Z E L.

Love to pride shall not surrender,
Youth does softer joys expect;
Nature, of her children tender,
Will their dearest rights protect.

CECIL.

Happy the fair whom Love rewards
With Hymen's choice and willing hand.

FRANZEL.

When beauty decks,

CECIL.

When honour guards,

BOTH.

When fond affection links the band.

MYNHEER.

Well, dear:

MEFROW.

Well, Hubb, what say you now;
Is it niet goed?

MYNHEER.

Yaw well, my frow.

MEFROW.

Something I knew they would be at.

MYNHEER.

I always said you knew what's what.

BOTH.

B O T H.

Then thump it, and bump it, and jump it about,
And heartily let us in wishes agree,
That all our kind patrons, within and without,
May join to encourage the family tree.

C H O R U S.

Then thump it, and bump it, and jump it about,
And heartily let us in wishes agree,
That all our kind patrons, within and without,
May join to encourage the family tree.

T H E E N D.

*Of T. CADELL, Bookseller, opposite Catherine-street,
Strand, may be had the following Pieces.*

BONDUCA: a Tragedy, written by Beaumont and Fletcher, with Alterations.

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS, THE MAID OF BATH, The COZENERS, The NABOB, and The TRIP TO CALAIS, to which is annexed The CAPUCHIN, all written by the late SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq; and published by Mr. COLMAN. Also

The TAILORS, a Tragedy for warm weather.

BUXOM JOAN, a Burletta in one Act, and the Airs, Duets, Trios, and Finale introduced in the Comedy of the SPANISH BARBER; Likewise SUMMER AMUSEMENT; or, AN ADVENTURE AT MARGATE, a Comic Opera; and the Airs, Duets, and Trios in the Musical Farce called The SON-IN-LAW, as they are all performed at the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market.

The MANAGER IN DISTRESS, a Prelude, on opening the Hay-Market Theatre, May 30, 1780. Written by GEORGE COLMAN.

TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN, a Farce, written by J. KEEFFE, Author of the SON-IN-LAW.

The Songs, Duets, Chorusses, &c. in the Musical Farce of The DEAD ALIVE, by the same Author.

OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA, 1850

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OF AMERICA, 1850

The Bishop of the Diocese of New York, and the
other Bishops of the United States, have
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Handwritten signature or initials, possibly "J. V. V."